

# Spartan Program

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Summary: Who are the Forerunners? What do they look like? What do they have to do with the Spartan Program? Lets see if Sid and his gang can get this under control.

## 1. Home or What?

\_\*\*Spartan Program Created By: Sector 7 Studios!\*\*\_

**\*\*Cast:\*\***

Sid- (Black Armor) Team Leader, Weapon Specialists

Ghram- (Yellow Armor) Sniper

Brock- (Red Armor) Assault Rifleists

Siena- (Pink Armor) Alien Carbine, Driver

Todd- (Blue Armor) Shotgun, Grenade Specialists

**\*\*Story:\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 1: Home or what?\*\***

(Sid) Finally as I was running away from those blasted covenant, I manage to seek a cave full of old machinery. I stood behind a old metallic desk and hood under it as I waited for the silence to come. You could hear the Grunts outside yelling "In there", and "Need back-up". Finally about five minutes later I stood up and looked outside to see why it was so quiet.

(Sid)- "Finally they are gone!

I turn around and carefully looked around the cave that I was in. It looked like a business or a science lab of some sort. There were a

lot of big gyrotubes laying on the ground with broken glass shells laying on the ground beside it. Some of the gyrotubes were still hanging from some sort of machine. The machine had all kinds of chains and pulleys hanging from the gyrotube and looked in terrible condition. It was like the covenant attacked here.

(Sid)- "I wonder who was here before me.? Huh..?"

As I turn around a body begins to stand up. It looks from here that it has the same armor that I do. I look right into his helmet and draw my pistol.

(Sid)- "Freeze!"

(Yellow Spartan)- "Whoa, hold on a minute. Don't shoot!"

(Sid)- "Who are you? What are you doing here? Whats your name soldier?"

(Ghram)- "They call me Ghram. I am Spartan Unit 119. You must be 118. Whats your name?"

(Sid)- "Whoa son im your captain around here so answer by sir or I will beat your ass. Im Captain Sid. Founder of Elite Spartans, and how did you know im a Unit 118?"

(Ghram)- "Ohh im sorry sir. Didn't know you could have at least warned me or something.

(Sid)- "You didn't answer my question boy."

(Ghram)- "Your Unit Number is right behind you helmet visor. By the way who is Elite Spartans?"

(Sid)- "My team that I created. We somehow got split up while we were being ambushed by covenant."

(Ghram)- "COVENANT! Where?"

(Sid)- "Ohh calm down son. They are long gone now. Whats the problem?"

(Ghram)- "My creator programmed me to destroy covenant. Sorry for the suprisement."

(Sid)- "Creator?"

(Ghram)- "Yea we all have one even you. Don't think you were born and raised to become a professional Spartan. There was about only 100 people in the world that were real Spartans. Unit 117 was one of them. I haven't got the chance to meet him yet though."

(Sid)- "Who is your creator?"

(Ghram)- "Ohhh, a Forerunner of course. They are the mad scientists of everything. They are the one that created us. This is my actual first time being able to control myself. I just woke up."

(Sid)- "Forerunners? Hmmmmmm. Well that explains those gyrotubes. Where you born inside them? Are you some sort of clone or

something?"

(Ghram)- "All I remember is the bubbles floating into my ear full of water. I could see people walking outside the tube when my eyes started to develop. But other than that, no."

(Sid)- "Ok well we have no more time for chit-chat. We need to look for survivors and hurry up and get out of here. Yell for me if you see anything important or if you remember anything."

(Ghram)- "Sir yes sir."

## 2. No Place Like It!

\_\*\*Spartan Program Created By: Sector 7  
Studios\*\*\_

\*\*Story:\*\*

\*\*Chapter 2: No Place Like It!\*\*

Looking at Ghram was like seeing a little kid getting hurt. He looked so young and scared as if he was a real Spartan. I felt so sorry for him as he looked around the room as if he was confused about something.

(Sid)- "Ghram, umm are you ok?"

(Ghram)- "Sir, Yes sir."

(Sid)- "Just call me Sid bro."

(Ghram)- "Ok.... Sid. Why such the change of attitude?"

(Sid)- "Oh..., nothing. Its just I'd rather you call me Sid then sir."

(Ghram)- "Ok. Well did you find anything?"

(Sid)- "Nothing yet."

As I continued down the dark close-quartered cave, you could hear strange noises. It sount a lot like screaming. I had to check it out.

(Sid)- "Ghram, Get over here now!"

(Ghram)- "What the hell is that noise? Do you hear that?"

(Sid)- "Im going down there. Follow me and cover me."

(Ghram)- "Gotcha Sid."

It looked like a sewer pipe. The lid was firmly shut.

BAMB, BAMB, BAMN

After 3 shots of my Battle Rifle, the seal on the lock broke. I pulled the lid open and immediatly backed off pointing my gun down

the tunnel.

(Sid)- "Nothing in sight! Im moving in."

(Ghram)- "Rodger. Right behind you."

As I grabbed a hold of the ladder, I firmly wrapped my legs around the posts and slid down as fast as I could. The ladder was as long as a 3 story building. As I got closer to the bottom I stopped so no noise would be made to alert someone.

(Ghram)- "I still hear it but its even louder now."

(Sid)- "Yea I know. Let's get a move on."

(Ghram)- "Right!"

There was a tunnel that began with light and ended with dark. I knew I had to use my helmet light but was really scared if I would alert someone by turning it on. I was crouched down slowly walking toward the darkness with Ghram closely covering my back looking the oppisite way. As I got closer to the room at the end of the tunnel I turned on my helmet light.

(Ghram)- "Sid? What the hell is that?"

(Sid)- "Huh?"

I immediatly looked towards Ghram's direction and saw a movement in the shadows. You could hear it eating something.

CRUNCH, CRUNCH, CRUNCH.

You'd hear blood pouring out the body of its pray. It stood straight up and looked right at me and Ghram.

(Ghram)- "This isn't good Sid! Ready and aimed!"

The shadow started to plod his way closer to us as slow as possible.

(Sid)- " Wait a minute, hold it....., FIRE!"

BAMB, BAMB, BAMN, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM

The fireing stops.

(Ghram)- "Is it dead?"

(Sid)- "I think so."

We slowly walked towards the shadow.

(Sid)- "It's a young form of the Flood!"

(Ghram)- " Yea but what was it eating?"

We both glanced at the pray. Its whole body was covered in blood.

(Sid)- "Looks like a Grunt. I guess the Flood and the Covenant don't get along too well. Huh?"

Down the end of the hall on the other side of the room you could hear footsteps. It sount like there was a enemy with about 40 legs!

(Ghram)- "Ohhh shit! We got company!"

(Sid)- "Fire at will!"

BAMB, BAMB.

As I was firing bullets, more and more of these things kept comming at us. They would stop as if the kept comming alive over and over again.

(Sid)- "GHRAM, OPEN THAT DOOR BESIDE YOU. WE CANT STOP THESE THINGS. THERE IS TOO MANY OF THEM!"

Ghram started to open the door and jumped inside. I was still shooting my gun while I carefully backed towards the door. As I got to it I turned around and jumped inside it. Ghram firmly closed the 500 ilb. door.

(Sid)- "Are you hurt?"

(Ghram)- "No. Are you ok Sid?"

(Sid)- "Yes. That was close. Looks like we are stuck here till them bastards leave."

(Ghram)- "There is like 500 of those things out there! There is no way they are gonna leave untill we come out. What are we gonna do?"

(Sid)- "Lets just wait and see."

About 45 minutes later you could hear someone down the lighted hall climbing down the ladder the we had came from.

(???) - "Ohh shit!"

BAMB, BAMB, BAMB!

End  
file.